

Title: a Tale of Two Seas

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It was an ordinary
monday night at sea on
the FCB Guild boat with
a handful of fishing
members fishing up a
storm not to mention a
few deep sea serps and
other moist monsters.

The smell of salt and
raw fish permeated the
deck as tall tales were
passed from old salty dog
to new shipmates.
One of the oldest and
most often told stories
is of another time,

another space, another
sea.....The Black Ink Sea.

The Black Ink Sea is on
no map. Legend has it
that only once every
century a passage opens
up to this sea.

Black as night the Ink
Sea is covered with
floating star shaped gems
of the rarest minerals.
These gems are said to
guide ships through the
murky waters with thier
reflexions. The evenings

are also illuminated by
the gems effervescent
glow.

The tale never tells
why the sea is so black,
that is a mystery, until
recently.

Gem, Aphrodite, Curly the
Dread, Aridas, spurlock,
Amari, FiFi LaForge, Von
Hogan, myself and many

more were aboard as the ship started to heave and ho. The clouds darkened, the sky dropped tears by

the buckets full and the ship appeared to float on air.

Before we knew it we were transported to a sea we had never sailed before. By the look of it it was not long before

we knew it was The Black Ink Sea.

Our mouths dropped in awe at the sight of its beauty, nothing any of us had seen the likes of before.

Our minds were not at

peace for very long as we soon learned of how this sea got its name.

Lifting our ship up, rocking us about was the largest SQUID any of us has ever seen.

One hundred times larger

than our ship. This was no kraken for sure.

FiFi grabbed her ample bosoms and screamed as the men started an attach with bow and arrow. This gigantic creature spewed ink in

the amounts unknown to man. Yes, the Black Ink Sea was indeed ink.!

Our battle lasted for what seemed hours until we were all unconscious. The next morning we woke and to our

amaZement still alive. The ship was no longer on The Black Ink Sea but back on home waters.

Confused with such vivid memory of this adventure we all looked at the

empty rum bottles. Was
it the new batch of rum
Curly brewed up or did
we really sail the Black
Ink Sea?

I have a feeling this tale
will be told many times
as the years go by.

Another tall tale?
We really don't know.
What do you think?